

GHOSTLY TALES OF SPINE-CHILLING HORROR

WEIRD
TERROR

NOV.
NO. 3

WEIRD TERROR

THAT'S IT PETS!
CHOP EACH OTHER
TO PIECES! HEH!
HEH!

10c
K



DEATH SPINS A WEB OF
EVIL AS THE SPIDER
SAYS TO THE FLY-
**STEP INTO
MY PARLOUR**



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THEY CALLED HIM THE BEST FIGHT SINCE DEMPSEY! HE WAS FAST AND SMART...
AND HE WAS A LADIES MAN... BUT SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM THAT HEAVY
DRINKING WOULDN'T DO HIM GOOD! ESPECIALLY WHEN HIS PREFERENCE WAS THE...

BLOOD OF THE BAT



JOEY "TIGER" WILSON WOKE UP FROM HIS LULLABY... RIGHT WHERE HE ALWAYS WOKE UP...

UH-H... I... GOT TO MAKE BELL! I'LL FINISH HIM NEXT ROUND... I...

AW... STOP IT! YOU AINT MAKIN' NO MORE BELL TONIGHT!



HUH?... W-WHERE AM I?... WHAT HAPPEN'D?

YOU GOT CLOBBERED! HE MADE A PATSY OUTTA' YOU! PUT ON YER CLOTHES AN' LET'S GO!



JOEY WASN'T A GENIUS UP WHERE IT COUNTED... BUT HE WAS BIG... BUILT LIKE A TRUCK... AND HE LIKED DAMES! ONLY... A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE SEEMED TO BE IN TROUBLE...

SHE WAS GONNA MEET ME HERE, CARL! SHE... TOLD ME.

YEAH... SHE TOLD YA! WHATTA LAUGH!



YOU SAW HER, LOUIE! SHE WAS CHEERIN' FOR ME! TELL ME YOU SAW HER! WHERE IS SHE?

YOU MEAN THAT BLONDE SITTING NEAR THE RING? YEAH... I SAW HER... ON HER WAY OUT! SHE GAVE ME A MESSAGE FER YOU. SHE SAID "...DROP DEAD!"



HA, HA... IMAGINE A BIG BUM LIKE. YOU THINKIN' A DAME LIKE HER IS GONNA GIVE YA A TUMBLE! HA, HA.

SHE TOL' ME SHE'D WAIT, SHE SAID.

YEAH... YEAH...



SHE TOLD ME SHE'D WAIT! SHE LIED TO ME! SHE TOLD ME...

LET'S GO! THIS PLACE STINKS! C'MON... FORGET ABOUT HER! I SAID C'MON!



BUT DAMES TOLD JOEY A LOT OF THINGS... AND JOEY KEPT ON GETTING THE GATE! ONE HOUR LATER IN HIS HOTEL ROOM...



SO JOEY SWALLOWED HIS "HEALTH JUICE"...

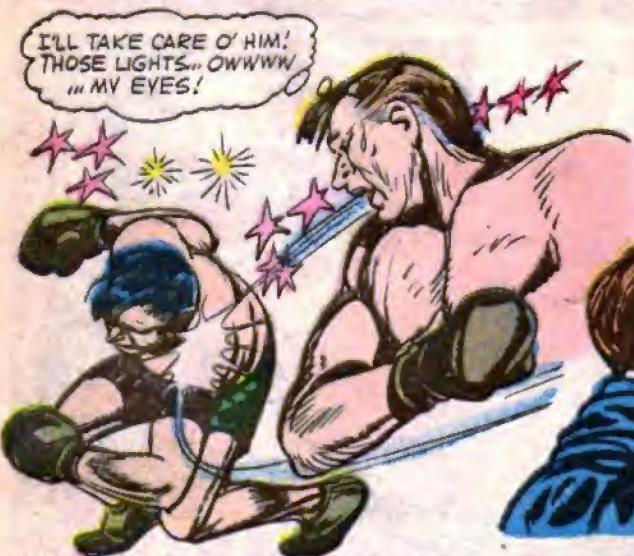
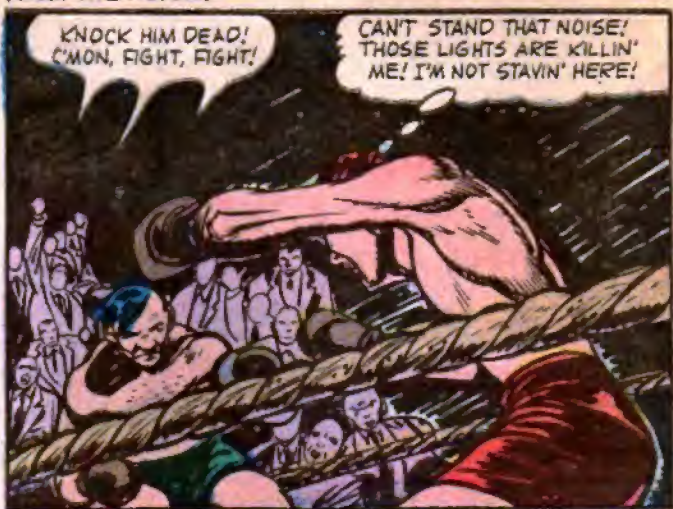


JOEY SAW! THAT NEXT MORN-ING, ON THE ROAD...



SOON, JOEY WAS FEELING IN THE PINK OF CONDITION! HE WAS READY TO TAKE ON ANYONE! HE

THE BELL RANG, THE CROWD ROARED THE TWO FIGHTERS SHUFFLED TOWARDS EACH OTHER, BUT JOEY'S EARS HURT FROM THE NOISE!



THE CROWD WENT WILD! BUT JOEY WASN'T FEELING GOOD... IN FACT, HE FELT ROTTEN...



THAT'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN... CARL MAKING JOEY DRINK HIS "HEALTH JUICE"... AND JOEY GETTING MORE AND MORE NERVOUS ALL THE TIME...

AND "TIGER" WINSTON STARTED TO CLIMB! HIS REFLEXES WERE QUICKER, HIS LEGS FASTER, HIS MUSCLES STRONGER... HIS MIND SHARPER...



JOEY'S HAIR GREW MORE ABUNDANTLY! HIS FEATURES MORE REGULAR... HIS SPEECH CLEARER... HIS PERSONALITY MAGNETIC... HIS CHARMS ATTRACTIVE... AND HIS FINANCES BOOMING!

AND HE LIKED HIS 'HEALTH JUICE' NOW... HE LOVED IT!

AND JOEY CLIMBED AND CLIMBED...



SOON, JOEY WAS ON TOP! THAT'S WHEN CARL CLAMPED DOWN...



SURE, CARL! I'LL REMEMBER THAT! BUT YOU'RE TOO BIG FER YER BRITCHES, CARL... MUCH, MUCH TOO BIG!



SO JOEY BIDE'D HIS TIME, HIS NEWLY SHARPENED WITS WORKING ON A SCHEME... THEN, ONE NIGHT, CARL WENT OFF ON ONE OF HIS USUAL "TRIPS," JOEY FOLLOWED HIM...



HE'S GOING INSIDE THAT CRAZY HOUSE! NOBODY AROUND BUT BATS!

BATS! SO THAT'S WHAT I BEEN DRINKING... BAT BLOOD! HE'S DRAININ' 'EM OF THEIR BLOOD AND MIXING IT UP WITH CHEMICALS!



JOEY CREEPT CLOSER... AND CLOSER... AND CLOSER...!

OH, GODS OF DARKNESS, OH LORDS OF THE NETHERWORLD... LET THIS POTION BE CREATED FOR...



GOODBYE, CARL!

ARRRGH, H. H. H... H... H...



AND WHEN CARL FELL, JOEY DRANK!

HE WAS SPOUTING MUMBO-JUMBO FROM THAT THERE CARNIVAL BOOK! NOW IT'S MINE! I'LL BURY CARL WHERE THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM... AND I'LL DRINK AS MUCH AS I WANT NOW! I... I FEEL AT HOME HERE! HA, HA, HA, HA!!



SO CARL DISAPPEARED, AND JOEY CARRIED ON ALONE! HE WAS CUNNING AND STRENGTH MIXED INTO ONE! HIS ADMIRERS GREW... AND HIS FINANCES GREW...

I'LL MEET YA LATER, BABY! IT WON'T TAKE MORE'N A MINUTE! WAIT FOR ME OUTSIDE MY DRESSIN' ROOM!



IT NEVER DID TAKE OVER A MINUTE!



AND AS ALWAYS, THEY CARRIED HIM BACK TO HIS DRESSING ROOM, SCREAMING, SHOUTING, ADORING...

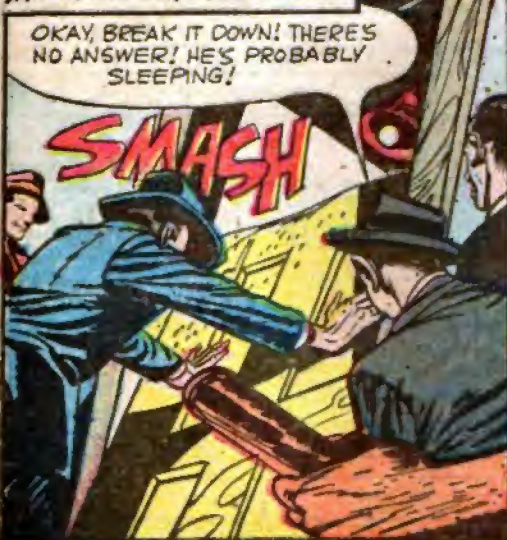


AND AS ALWAYS HE GOT PERFECT SILENCE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM! BUT TONIGHT WAS A SPECIAL OCCASION! HE WAS IN LOVE!

BUT BEAUTIFUL DAMES ARE IMPATIENT! AND THIS ONE WOULDN'T WAIT TOO LONG! IN FACT, IT WAS MUCH TOO LONG...



MUCH, MUCH, TOO LONG...



JOEY WINSTON WAS SLEEPING ALL RIGHT! HE'D BE SLEEPING DURING THE DAY-TIME FOREVER... BECAUSE HE HAD MADE THE MISTAKE OF DRINKING TOO MUCH! HE HAD FINALLY TURNED INTO A BAT! THE END.

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BANG-IT!**

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IT'S NO CRIME TO BE AMBITIOUS! AND IT'S NO SHAME TO BE ENVOUS! BUT WHEN MURDER AND GREED ARE COMBINED TO GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT... THEN WATCH OUT! YOU MAY MEET A LITTLE OLD LADY WHO'LL INVITE YOU TO...

STEP INTO MY PARLOUR



THOSE ROTTEN COPPERS ARE GAINING ON US! TURN IN THAT ALLEY, QUICK!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

BLAM!
BLAM!

STOP BLUBBERIN' AND DO AS I SAY!

BUT, JOEY... T-THEY'RE GETTIN' NEARER!

WE FOOLED EM' JOEY, HA, HA, HA!

YEAH... NO THANKS TO YOU! NOW WE GOTTA DUMP THIS CAR! GET GOING!

MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S IT! NOW WE'RE CLEAN! NOW WE GOTTA LAY LOW!

THESE TENEMENT SECTIONS ARE GOOD, JOEY! NO ONE WILL FIND US HERE!

WHHEE0000000



SO JOEY FERRIS AND PETE BARLO, PUBLIC ENEMIES NO. 1 AND 2 RESPECTIVELY, FOUND THEIR RATS ROOST QUICKLY...

FIFTEEN BUCKS A WEEK... IN ADVANCE! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

OKAY, BUT NO DISTURBANCE UNDERSTAND? WE WANT PRIVACY!



INSIDE THE ROOM AFTERWARDS...

OF ALL THE PLACES TO HOLE UP IN... WE GOTTA PICK THIS FLEABAG! YOU AND YOUR BIG IDEAS!

STOP GRIPIN! IN TWO WEEKS THE HEATLL BE OFF AND WE CAN BLOW THIS DUMP!



BUT TWO WEEKS IS A LONG TIME, PETE! IF I EVER CATCH ANYONE O' THESE NOSEY BIRDS WALTZIN' AROUND HERE, I'LL FIX HIS WAGON.

DON'T WORRY, PAL! NO ONE'S GONNA FIND OUT ABOUT-



-THIS!

YEAH! THEY BETTER NOT... OR THEY'LL NEVER SEE ANYTHING AGAIN!



ONLY THING IS "WE GOTTA MAKE LIKE WERE THE NEIGHBORS TOO, OR SOMEONE MAY GET SUSPICIOUS! WE GOTTA MINGLE IN WITH THOSE JERKS DOWN BELDW!

THAT OUGHTA' BE EASY! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS TEAR OUR PANTS, NOT SHAVE, AND LOOK DOWN AND OUT! THIS IS GONNA BE A BREEZE! HA, HA...



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, THE TWO MEN BEGAN THEIR PLAN OF LOSING THEIR IDENTITIES...

PHEW, DIS STINK IS KILLIN' ME! I'D RATHER GO BACK INTO MY HOLE AND SWEAT! ANYTHING BUT THIS!

YOU'RE GONNA SWEAT RIGHT HERE! LET THESE NOSEY APES THINK WE'RE OUT OF WORK OR SOMETHING! NOW JUST SHAADDUP!





HI, BABY!
DOING
ANYTHING
TONIGHT?

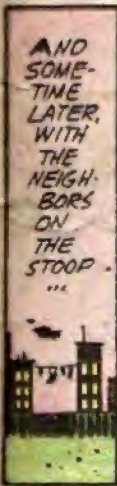
THAT
DEPENDS,
MISTER!

TRASH



C'MON, NITWIT! NO DAMES FOR
US! YOU WANNA SPILL VER GUTS
TO HER AND LAND
IN THE CUNK?

BUT, JOEY!
I WON'T
TELL HER
ANYTHING!
AW--!



AND
SOME-
TIME
LATER,
WITH
THE NEIGH-
BORS
ON THE
STOOP.



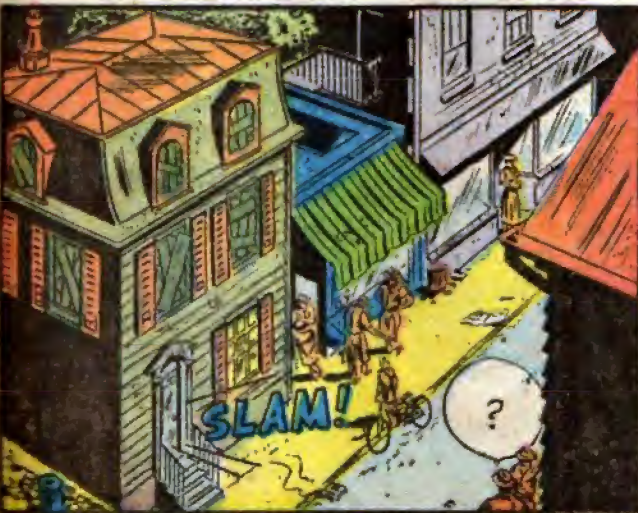
THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. WITHERS!
WE'RE -UH- TRAVELING SALESMEN... YOU SEE, WE NEED TO
STAY RIGHT HERE FER A FEW
DAYS... AND THEN WE'LL BE
LEAVING!

OH, HERE
COMES THAT
HORRIBLE
BLOATED
WOMAN!



SHE OWNS THAT WHOLE
BUILDING... BEEN HERE
EVER SINCE WE CAN
REMEMBER! NEVER
SEEMS TO GET OLD!
SHE ONLY USES THE
FIRST FLOOR, KEEPS
THE REST BOARDED
UP!

YEAH...
SHE'S
GOT
PLENTY
O'DOUGH!



SLAM!

?



HOW DO
YOU KNOW
THAT?

EASY! SHE ALWAYS COMES
HOME WITH A WRAPPED UP
PACKAGE. WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF SHE GOT
MONEY IN IT! PROBABLY
BEGS DOWNTOWN! QUEER
THOUGH... NEVER TALKS TO
PEOPLE... AN' THERE'S
SOUNDS FROM HER
HOUSE AT NIGHTS!

SHE'S DOWNRIGHT
SCAREY! BEST
LEAVE HER
ALONE!

BUT JOEY COULDN'T GET THE BLOATED OLD LADY OUT OF HIS MIND..HE COULDN'T...



AND THAT DAWN, THE TWO PARKED THEMSELVES ON THEIR NEIGHBOR'S STEPS...



AND WHEN MIDNIGHT CAST ITS CLOAK OF SILENCE ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

THINK SHE HEARD US BREAK IN THE BACK DOOR?

NAW! AND EVEN IF SHE DID.. SO WHAT? SHE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP US NOW! WE'RE IN!



LOOK, THERE SHE IS!

AND SHE'S COUNTING HER DOUGH! O.K.! GIVE IT TO HER! IT'S GOTTA BE FAST!



BUT JUST AS THEY STEPPED INSIDE...



LET US OUTTA THIS MONKEY CAGE! YOU NUTS OR SOMETHING? LET US OUT!

WHAT KIND O' TREATMENT IS THIS, ANYWAY? GET US OUT!

HEH! HEH!



OH, NO! I COULDN'T DO THAT! YOU'D CHEAT ME OUT OF A MEAL...AND **THEY** WOULD THINK I'M NOT AS CAPABLE AS THEY THINK I AM!

WHAT ARE YA TALKING ABOUT? JUST GET US OUTTA HERE! WE.. WE WON'T TOUCH YOUR MONEY!



MONEY? IS THAT WHY YOU CAME HERE TO VISIT ME? OH...HOW FOOLISH! YOU THOUGHT I HAD MONEY IN THESE BUNDLES? HEH, HEH, HEH! IT'S ONLY BEEF...**RAW** BEEF! YOU SEE, I EAT BEEF EVERY DAY! I NEED THE BONES!



THE WATCHERS ON MY PLANET PUT ME HERE... ON THIS WORLD, BECAUSE I'M A **CRIMINAL!** YOU SEE, I DISLIKED EATING HUMAN MEAT THERE...AND SO THEY'RE PUNISHING ME! I HAVE TO EAT YOU POOR CREATURES AND SAVE YOUR BONES! WHEN I FILL MY QUOTA, THEY'LL LET ME RETURN!



SHE'S **NUTS!** STARK, RAVING NUTS!

YEAH! MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! BUT I'M NOT GONNA STAY HERE ONE SECOND MORE!



I'M GETTING OUT! **RIGHT NOW!**



BLAM
BLAM

OKAY! TAKE OFF! LEAVE THE LOONEY HERE! SHE'S HARMLESS! SHE WON'T TALK!

I DON'T CARE **WHAT** SHE DOES! I'M BLOWING OUTTA HERE, RIGHT NOW!



I'M AFRAID YOU GENTLEMEN MISUNDERSTOOD ME! YOU **CAN'T** LEAVE HERE! YOU **CAN'T** EVER LEAVE HERE!

UGH-H-
MY-T-
THROAT...



SCREAM IF YOU WANT! MY "PARROT" JUST SIMPLY LOVES TO SCREAM! HEH, HEH... MY... BUT I THINK YOU TWO ARE GOING TO MAKE A DELICIOUS MEAL!

YAAAHH!



SO, THE MORAL TO OUR LITTLE TALE, DEAR READERS IS THIS: DON'T STEP INTO THE PARLOURS OF LITTLE FAT LADIES! THEY MAY TURN OUT TO BE SUCH TERRIBLE KILLJOYS!

THE END

The LITTLE GHOST



This is not a new story. But it is a true one. And you might as well have all the details.

Originally the story appeared in the fascinating book, *Dark Trails, Adventures of a Naturalist*, by G. K. Cherrie. It was retold in another form in *Readers Digest*, July, 1938. This year, in the month of May, it was being retold again in still another form as an after-theatre ghost story in every cafe on Broadway.

The first person to tell the story, however, was a famous doctor, the neurologist S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. It happened to him.

One bitterly cold winter night when Dr. Mitchell had retired to his bedroom, weary after a long day with his patients, he fell asleep while reading. Suddenly he was awakened by the ringing of the front door bell. The maid had gone to bed, so Dr. Mitchell answered the bell himself.

When he opened the front door he first noticed that it was snowing heavily; then through the swirl of wet snow he saw the figure of a thin and shabbily dressed little girl on his doorstep. Her worn-out shoes were soaked through. Around her shoulders as her only protection against the wind and snow was an old shawl dripping against her light dress. The doctor noted particularly that there was a faded pattern of red roses visible through the melting snow on the shawl.

Her pinched face looked directly up to the doctor. "My mother is very sick, sir," she said. "Won't you come, please?"

Dr. Mitchell, who was then a famed consulting neurologist no longer in general practice, suggested that the little girl should go to another doctor, preferably one who still considered it nothing unusual to be called out in the middle of the night in any weather. But since there were no other doctors nearby, and since the little girl insisted that her mother needed immediate attention, Dr. Mitchell went

back upstairs, dressed, and returned to accompany the little girl.

She led him to a tenement district several blocks away. He followed her into a tumble-down apartment building and into a poverty-stricken room on the top floor where he found a woman in high fever lying on a bed.

On the way upstairs, he had said to the little girl, "You had better change your clothes, youngster, as soon as we're there, or you will be as sick as your mother." It pleased him to see when once they were in the room that the little girl heeded his warning. He watched her from the corner of his eye as she took off the soaking shoes and dripping shawl and put them in a closet. But then he had no time to be watching the little girl for he found the mother to be seriously ill with pneumonia.

The examination completed, the good doctor wrote out a prescription.

"I believe," he said to the sick woman, "that you should send your daughter for this right away."

The woman looked at him with a puzzled frown.

"My daughter?" she asked.

"I mean the little girl who brought me here," he explained.

"My little girl, my daughter," the feverish woman said painfully, "died a month ago!"

Dr. Mitchell was sure his patient knew what she was saying.

"There was a little girl here," he said quietly. "She came in with me and she put her wet shoes and shawl in that closet."

"My daughter's shawl and shoes are in that closet," the woman said. "They have been ever since she died. I just couldn't throw them away."

The doctor went to the closet and opened the door. Among the things there were the little girl's shawl and shoes. The frayed toes of the shoes and the faded roses on the shawl were just as he had seen them a short time before, except that now there was no trace of snow, no sign that they had ever been wet. Both articles were warm and dry.

Dr. Mitchell, completely mystified, went to a drugstore and had his prescription filled.

In the following weeks the doctor restored his patient to health after a desperate battle with her illness. He also verified her story—the daughter had died a month before his first visit.

No explanation of the phenomenon ever fully

satisfied the doctor. He knew the facts. He had saved the life of a patient whom he did not know until a little girl came to his door one wintry night, led him to the patient's bedside, and then disappeared. And there is no doubt whatsoever that this is a true account of an actual experience. But why? How?

Several theories have been proposed to account for Dr. Mitchell's experience. Most of the speculations center around the possibility of telepathy, mental communication rather than the physical visitation. Under the stress of imminent death, some comments run, the mother might have "wished" that her daughter were alive to fetch a doctor, and by the intensity of her "wish" tapped a source of psychic strength which enabled her to communicate her thought to the doctor.

Students of the lore of the Far East say that the "projection" of a phantom to summon aid is an accepted procedure among the Lamas of Tibet. In Tibet the mystics profess to train their disciples in just such manifestations of telepathy. They consider it a science which can be studied and taught. It requires an intensity of thought to a degree of concentration which the Western mind might find impending death the only circumstance sufficiently powerful to bring about. There is a definite procedure involving many years of intensive training by which this concentration can be attained, according to the mystics, and in order to send a message "on the wind," as they phrase it, the adept must be able to produce a "one-pointedness of thought." Further, the receiver must be "in tune" with the sender.

In further support of the "projection" theory, it has been pointed out that words are images in their origins and that the sick mother might well have had the image of her daughter going to the physician even though that image were brought about by delirium induced through fever.



An alternative theory, of course, is the "spiritualistic" one that what Dr. Mitchell saw was, actually, the ghost of the dead little girl, a perturbed soul on an errand of mercy. Adherents of this so-called explanation are not in the least troubled by the warm and dry shawl and shoes, because they maintain that only the "appearance" of these familiar earthly garments was adopted by the visitor.

In any event, on the basis of evidence collected from many sources, it seems unreasonable to doubt that at various times certain people have been able to create phantasms that are perceptible to others who may be at a rather considerable distance from the creator of the phantasm. In the Orient this mode of communication is known as *the projection of the astral body*.

Perhaps in the present instance, the sick mother under the great sense of urgency brought on by a feeling that she was dying did indeed summon from within herself a power very rarely attained by an Occidental. Is it not likely, then, that she would call upon a daughter she wished with all her heart was not dead but ready to bring a doctor to her bedside? To choose between the thought of a dying woman and child so recently departed as the messenger on an errand requiring the utmost haste should pose no problem.

Perhaps, too, if there must be an "explanation," most people would agree that what the dying mother wished unconsciously to be true was made actually so.

Dr. Mitchell himself seems to have favored the theory that the apparition was the "astral projection" of the patient's little daughter. And there the matter rests.





IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY
BE... AND YET IT WAS!
WHERE HAD IT COME
FROM? WHY DIDN'T IT
STRIKE? WHAT DID IT
WANT? THE MAN DIDN'T
MOVE! HE DIDN'T BREA-
THE! HIS BRAIN WAS
NUMBED AND HIS MIND
WAS PARALYZED... FOR
FACING HIM WAS THE
WORST HORROR OF
ALL...

MIRROR IMAGE

JIM AND NORA WINTERS WERE A HAPPY COUPLE. AND THEY HAD A LITTLE BOY...

PLEASE, HONEY! GET BOBBY INSIDE! YOUR UNCLE WILL BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT! YOU KNOW HOW HE HATES CHILDREN!

THE OLD GOAT!



FOR TWO CENTS, I'D TOSS HIM AND HIS MONEY RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW! HE'S BEEN BULLYING US FOR YEARS, JUST 'CAUSE HE'S RICH!

I KNOW, DEAR... BUT HE'S TOLD US, WE'LL INHERIT ALL HIS MONEY! SO WHATEVER YOU DO, PLEASE, PLEASE BE NICE!



BUT I DON'T WANNA GO TO BED RIGHT NOW, MUMMY! I WANT TO SEE UNCLE HUGO! I NEVER SEE HIM!

YOU WILL SOMEDAY, DEAR. NOW GO TO BED! SHOO!



AND JUST IN TIME, FOR A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, UNCLE HUGO! HERE... LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR COAT!

NO NEED TO BE SO SERVILE, NEPHEW! YOU'LL STILL GET MY MONEY IF YOU FACE ME LIKE A MAN!



UNCLE HUGO WAS A RAT! BUT HE HAD MONEY... AND HE KNEW HE ALSO HAD THE UPPER HAND! SO JUST TO MAKE THINGS A BIT MORE UNPLEASANT, HE GOADED THEM AT DINNER

LOOK AT BOTH OF YOU! IN MY TIME, PEOPLE LIVED! YOU TWO ARE NOTHING BUT FOOLS!

UH... MORE DESSERT, UNCLE?



NO THANK YOU, NORA? THINKING OF KILLING ME? NOT EVEN THE WILD BEASTS IN AFRICA COULD DO THAT! I HUNTED AND KILLED MANY IN MY YOUTH, YOU KNOW!



IN OTHER WORDS, UNCLE HUGO ENJOYED MAKING OTHERS SQUIRM SO MUCH SO HE ALMOST REGRETTED TURNING IN FOR THE NIGHT!

WELL... SEE YOU TWO IN THE MORNING! DON'T HATCH UP ANY DEATH PLOTS FOR ME! HA, HA!

UNCLE HUGO!

IN FACT, HE DECIDED NOT TO SLEEP FOR AWHILE...

THEY WON'T GET A CENT, OF COURSE! I'M CHANGING MY WILL TOMORROW! THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE -- TO MAKE THEM THINK THEY'D BENEFIT! HA, HA... THE JOKES ON THEM!

AND THAT'S WHEN HE SAW THE SNAKE....!

GOOD LORD!

IT'S A KING RATTLER! I SAW THEM IN AFRICA! JUST ONE LUNGE, AND I'LL BE DEAD!

ONE FALSE MOVE... ONE TWITCH OF MY MUSCLES, AND IT'LL LAY ME OUT RIGHT ON THE FLOOR! BUT HOW CAN A SNAKE BE HERE IN THE CITY? HOW?... LORD, THOSE TERRIBLE EYES!

IT KNOWS I'M SCARED! BUT IT HASN'T MADE UP IT'S MIND YET WHAT IT'S GOING TO DO!



HUGO THOUGHT OF A DOZEN POSSIBLE MOVES... AND A DOZEN TIMES HE REJECTED THEM...

MAYBE IF I SHOUT FOR HELP...? NO! **THEY** MIGHT HAVE PUT IT IN HERE TO KILL ME! ANYWAY, ONE ABRUPT SOUND... AND IT'LL SPRING!



I'VE GOT TO TRY MOVING AWAY FROM IT... SLOWLY... SLOWLY... MAYBE IT'LL LEAVE ME ALONE!...



SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'M HALF-WAY ACROSS THE ROOM! I'LL LICK IT YET! GOD... THOSE TERRIBLE EYES...



AND MOMENTS LATER HE REACHED THE DOOR... NOW JUST TO TURN THE KNOBS...

GOT TO BE CAREFUL!... MUST OPEN DOOR SLOWLY... I... I CAN FEEL ITS EYES BURNING INTO MY BACK! MUSTN'T TURN AROUND... MUSTN'T!



BUT HUGO DID!

I... I CAN'T HELP IT! IT'S **MAKING** ME TURN AROUND! IT KEEPS ON STARING AT ME! WHY DOESN'T IT DO SOMETHING? IT'S T-TORTURING ME!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE ME COME BACK! MY WILL'S STRONGER THAN YOURS! NO... DON'T KEEP ON STARING AT ME THAT WAY! **DON'T!**



MAN AND SNAKE LOCKED EYES!... THEN THE MAN BECAME AN ANIMAL... AND THE ANIMAL WAS AFRAID...

YOU'RE MAKING ME CRAWL TOWARDS YOU! I.. I WON'T BE HYPNOTIZED! STOP IT! I'VE GOT TO STAND UP!



CAN'T MOVE! IT'S PARALYZED MY MUSCLES! I-I'M BEING DRAWN TO IT LIKE A MAGNET! I.. I CAN'T TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER! I-- I'M GOING TO BREAK!



ANIMAL PANTS AROSE FROM HIS THROAT, THEN A SICKENING WHINE GURGLED UP, PLEADING, BEGGING FOR LIFE!

P-PLEASE DON'T KILL M-ME! LET ME LIVE! PLEASE!

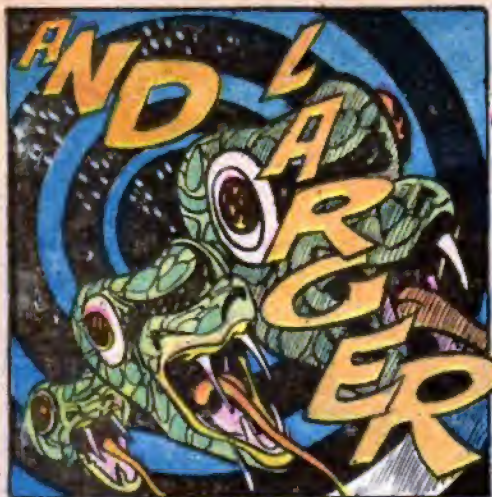


YOU'RE NOT GOING TO! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES! YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH ME ALL ALONG! YOU WANT TO MAKE ME BEG! BUT I WON'T! HA, HA.. I WON'T! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!



BUT THE DROOLING THING THAT HAD BEEN A MAN CRAWLED CLOSER TO THE SNAKE, AND THE SNAKE GREW LARGER...





SENSATIONAL RESULTS REPORTED IN CURBING

PIMPLES

BLACKHEADS, ACNE AND OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN BLEMISHES

CLINICAL TESTS SHOW
100% SUCCESS

HERE ARE THE
AMAZING TEST RESULTS

in 45 cases the pimple condition
was completely cured
in 38 cases the pimple condition
was greatly improved
in 17 cases the pimple condition
was noticeably improved

100% success — in every tested
case of pimples

Small clinical tests of 100 acne patients, with a new twin-action
method and formula—show that the acne or pimples were decidedly
arrested or completely arrested in every single case tested!
Recently, a leading medical journal published the results of ex-
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suffering from acne condition of their skin—were carefully
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counseled and advised on personal hygiene, dietary, cosmetic and
personal habits, and other aggravating factors.

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THE POWER OF LOVE IS GREATER THAN LIFE ITSELF! IT CAN CREATE... IT CAN DESTROY... IT CAN HORRIFY! BUT BALUK KHAN, THE CONQUEROR, THOUGHT NOTHING COULD WITHSTAND HIS MIGHT... NOT EVEN...

THE IMPROVED KISS



MARTY
ELKIN.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A MURDERER'S FACE? NOTHING TERRIBLE ABOUT IT, IS THERE? THEY ARE MEN! AND THESE WERE MEN TOO! BUT LOOK CLOSELY... ISN'T THERE SOMETHING ABOUT THEM? SOMETHING THAT SAYS THEY ARE KILLERS?



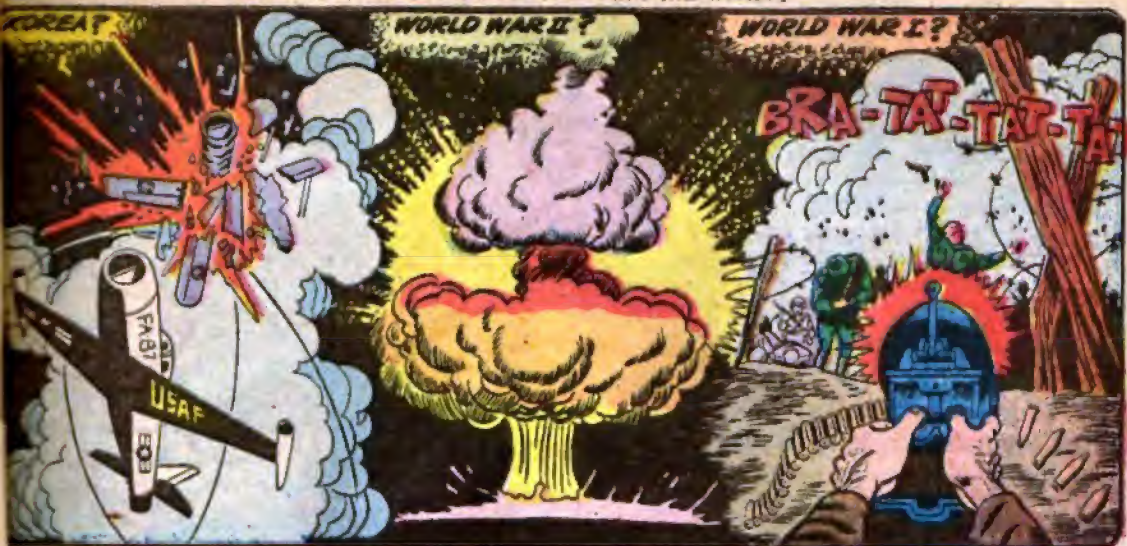
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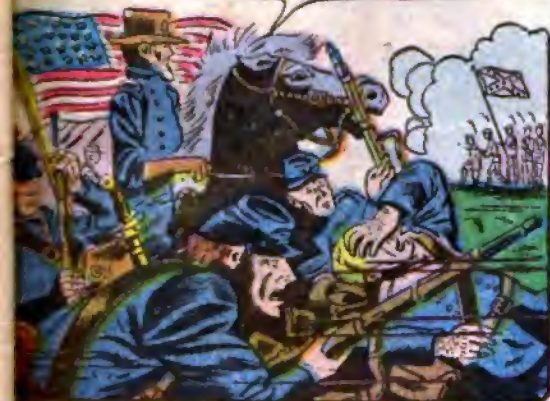
BORGIA

OF COURSE THEY WERE! AND WHAT WAR DO YOU THINK WAS THE WORST?



OR WAS THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES THE MOST TERRIBLE? SURELY... MEN DIED, BLOOD WAS SPILLED, BODIES WERE MAIMED... TERROR WAS BORN...

LET'S GO BOYS! GET THOSE REBS!
GET 'EM!



...EVEN BEFORE HIM... WHEN MEDIEVAL BARONS FIGHTED TO THE DEATH FOR POWER AND LOOT... EVEN THEN THERE WERE NOT GROANS AND SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS?...



AND TURN BACK THE PAGES OF TIME! TURN BACK TO THAT FROZEN DAY WHEN NAPOLEON FOUGHT AGAINST THE RISING TIDE OF HIS SIBERIAN FOES...



YES... ALL THIS AND MORE! BUT NOWHERE... AT NO TIME... WAS THERE SUCH A MORE HORRIBLE FOE THAN THE HORDE! THE HORDE WHO RODE AGAINST NATIONS... AND LEFT NOT EVEN A BLADE OF GRASS... THE HORDE OF WAR! THE HORDE OF DEATH!





AND WHO WAS THEIR LEADER? WHO WAS THIS MIGHTY CONQUEROR... THIS RUTHLESS MASTERMIND OF THE HORDE! A LITTLE-KNOWN NAME, DEAR READER! A NAME THAT WOULD SEND SHIVERS OF FEAR DOWN YOUR BACKS HAD YOU KNOWN HIM PERSONALLY! BALUK KHAN, THE DESTROYER! BALUK KHAN, THE RIGHT ARM OF... GENGHIS KHAN!



LET NO STONE BE UNTURNED! KILL MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN! FROM THIS MOMENT ON, THIS VILLAGE WILL NO LONGER EXIST! NAY, NOT EVEN ONE BLADE OF GRASS!...



AND HE MURDERED, AND HE KILLED,
AND HE TORTURED, AND THE RIVERS
RAN RED WITH BLOOD...

NO! SPARE ME..
PLEASE! I WILL
SERVE YOU
FAITHFULLY!

YOU WILL SERVE
ME BY LOSING
YOUR LIFE!



THE TARTARS ARE VANQUISH-
ED! THEIR LANDS, HERDS,
POSSESSIONS, EVERYTHING!
NOW IT'S MINE.. MINE!



BUT STILL HIS GREED RAN UNABATED..

AND NOW.. FOR THE
PROVINCE OF UZRUK!



UZRUK..
LAND OF
THE
BEAUTIFUL
PEOPLE!
A LAND
RULED BY
AN OLD
MONARCH..
A MAN NO
MATCH
FOR THE
SAVAGE
BARBAR-
IANS TO
COME...

WHY SO SAD, FATHER?
WHAT HAS RUINED THY
HAPPINESS?

I FEAR FOR OUR LIVES, LARLA! YEA.. FOR
EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND BABE IN OUR FAIR
LAND! BALUK APPROACHES OUR DOMAIN!



I HAVE HEARD OF
HIS CRUELTY AND HIS
HORDE! OUR SOLDIERS
WILL BE NO MATCH FOR HIM!
WOULDN'T WE WIN HIM OVER
BY KINDNESS AND BY
FRIENDSHIP?

IT IS A HOPELESS TASK,
MY SWEET! BUT PER-
HAPS.. WE MAY USE
BRIBERY, WHERE MIGHT
CANNOT SUCCEED!
HMMMM...

HQ, RENZOR.. VARLAN.. TOPAK!
CALL OUR PEOPLE TOGETHER!
WE MUST GIVE BALUK A GIANT
FEAST! MAKE PREPARATIONS
AT ONCE! HURRY!

YES, OH LORD!
WE SHALL DO
SO WITH ALL
HASTE!



AND SO
A GIANT
CELEBRATION
WAS
ARRANGED,
IN HONOR
OF THEIR
"PROTECTOR"
AND THEIR
"FRIEND,"
THE
MIGHTY
BALUK
KHAN...



MORE WINE! QUICKLY!

Y-YES
GREAT
CONQUEROR!

BALUK LOVED
TO EAT...

CHOMPPP. CHOMP
MORE!



AND BALUK LOVED WOMEN...

YOU ARE INDEED VERY
BEAUTIFUL, MY LITTLE FLOWER!



BUT WHEN BALUK SAW LARLA, HIS HEART WAS LOST...

WHO IS THAT?
I MUST KNOW!
I MUST HAVE
HER FOR MY
PALACE!

OH, BUT YOU CANNOT, MASTER!
SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE
UZRUK KING! AND THE MAN
WITH HER IS HER BETHROTHED!



I CANNOT, OAF? I KNOW NOT SUCH A WORD!
YOU SAY THAT FOOL WITH HER IS HER SWEET-
HEART? AH, PERHAPS WE MAY YET FIND
A WAY TO... AH...
CHANGE HIS MIND!
YES... I THINK SO...



AND BALUK MEANT EVERY WORD HE SAID...

BUT WHERE DO YOU GO, BROTHER? ARE YOU NOT SATISFIED WITH THE FEAST IN YOUR HONOR?

WE CANNOT SIT IN THE CAMP OF THOSE WHO HAVE THE SCOURGE UPON THEM! BEHOLD!



BUT YOUR COMING DIDNOT GIVE US TIME TO...

DO NOT REPLY WITH EXCUSES! WE ARE LEAVING! THE BLUE FLIES OF DEATH SHALL NOT TOUCH US WITH THEIR DIRT AND FILTH!

GOOD! NOW I HAVE CREATED A BASIS FOR WAR!



AND A FEW WEEKS LATER, IN THE TENT OF LARLA'S BETROTHED...



AND SOON AFTERWARDS... DEATH FOR THE KING'S BODYGUARD BY MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANTS...



AND ONE MONTH AFTER THAT... AT THE VERY GATES OF THE UZRUK EMPIRE...

CRASH THROUGH THE PORTALS OF THE ENEMY, MY HORDE! SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO RESIST US!

ONWARD! OUR MIGHTY MASTER LEADS US!



NONE COULD ESCAPE! THE PROVINCE OF UZRUK WAS DOOMED! AND THEIR MONARCH HAD BUT ONE OTHER CHOICE...

UGH-H... AT LEAST, I SHALL NOT DIE... IN DISGRACE, LARLA! KILL YOURSELF, MY CHILD! TO LIVE WILL BE WORSE THAN DEATH...

NO, FATHER! I SHALL LIVE LONG ENOUGH FOR REVENGE! HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE MY WRATH!



SO THE HORDE SWEEPED THROUGH ANOTHER LAND
ONCE MORE... RUTHLESSLY, INVINCIBLY... UNTIL THEY
FACED A SILENT GIRL ON A SOMBER THRONE...

AH... MY PLANS HAVE BEEN PERFECT! YOU
AWAIT ME IN BRIDAL SPLENDOR, MY DOVE!
GOOD! VERY GOOD!



YOU WILL NOT SAY A WORD AGAINST
ME, EH! I AM PLEASED! HERE IS
MY KISS TO YOU, LARLA! MY LOVE
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!

HAIL TO
OUR KHAN!



BEHOLD MY NEW BRIDE! MY
VALIANT SOLDIERS! RAISE
YOUR CRIES OF VICTORY TO
HER!

BUT SHE APPEARS
SILENT, MIGHTY ONE!
IT IS A BAD OMEN.
MAKE HER SPEAK!



BAH! I SHALL DO BETTER THAN THAT!
I SHALL KISS HER AGAIN SO THAT SHE
MAY KNOW THE POWER OF MY LOVE!
SPEAK NOW, OH BELOVED! THY
MASTER COMMANDS THEE!



WHAT? YOU DARE DISOBEY?
SPEAK I SAID... OR I SHALL CUT
OUT THY TONGUE WITH MY OWN DAGGER!



AIIEEE!!
THE BLUE FLIES!



YES, MIGHTY
CONQUEROR!
YOUR HORDE
AND YOUR
WEAPONS,
AND YOUR
CUNNING
ARE POWER-
FUL INDEED!
BUT YOU
HAVE LOST
TO JUST A
KISS... A
WOMAN'S
KISS, MORE
POWERFUL
THAN
FORCE IN
GIVING
YOU LIFE
...OR
DEATH!

THE END.



Picture yourself going places

done it often. Call it day-dreaming
like, but you've seen yourself in a
job—giving orders and making de-
cisions—driving off in a smart new car—
your family a fine home.

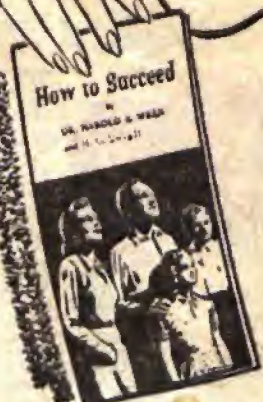
There's nothing wrong with dreams. But
about making them come true? You
do it, if you're willing to try!

Look around you. The men who are going
places are the trained men. They've learned

special skills that bring them better jobs
and higher pay. It's the men without training
whose dreams never come true.

What are you going to do about it? Just
wait and wish? If you really want to succeed,
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pon below. Pick out the one that interests
you most—the one that holds the greatest
future for you. Then mark the coupon, and
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L. P. S., Elkhart, Ind.

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